



Father and Son---Thornton Hains with Arm Around Old Warrior: There to Aid Him

From a Sketch Made in the Flushing Court House by Staff Artist Michelson Especially for The Evening World.



HAINS DEFENSE BUILT ON STATE'S OWN WEAK CASE

Prosecution Riddled When Darrin Called Star Witness for Prisoner.

BACKS HAINS'S STORY.

Defense Opens To-Morrow After Formal Motion to Discharge Defendant.

With the prosecution's case already riddled through the unprecedented action of District Attorney Darrin, who, for some reason known only to himself, called the chief witness for the defense, Henry L. Jespersen, as a witness for the State in the trial of Thornton Hains for complicity in the killing of William E. Annis, John F. McIntyre, chief of counsel for Hains, began to-day to arrange his defense testimony, which will begin before Justice Crane in the Flushing court to-morrow.

Prosecutor Darrin will call a policeman to-morrow, and will probably ask Skura, the thick-skulled huckster, to take the stand again. The chances are that after all Skura's changing stories the testimony will be thrown out of court.

Mr. McIntyre had expected to make Jespersen, the real estate man, his star witness, and when Darrin suddenly called him to the stand the lawyers for the defense and the Court were almost stunned with surprise. Jespersen told exactly what he was expected to tell by Mr. McIntyre, and in every way bore out the plea that Thornton Hains and his brother, Capt. Peter Hains Jr., went to the Bayside Yacht Club on Aug. 15 last to make a real estate purchase through Jespersen.

Up to the calling of Jespersen, or at least since Mrs. Helene Annis, widow of the victim, testified on Monday, the prosecution has been having its own way. It had nailed down and clinched the case against Thornton Hains. Witnesses had sworn that Thornton Hains was the master mind, that he had taken Capt. Hains to the yacht club, and that he held back the crowd with his own revolver while his brother was pumping bullets into Annis's body.

Relieves Capt. Hains. Things were looking dark for Thornton Hains. It had been suggested even that Capt. Hains, whose plea will be insanity brought on by the revelations of his wife's alleged relations with Annis, should be a witness for Thornton Hains. This would have destroyed the insanity plea of Peter C. Hains Jr., when he is called to trial in January. Had he testified for Thornton he would have offered himself as a sacrifice, as his only plea could then have been the sudden "brain storm" or the "unwritten" law.

The action of Darrin, however, will make it unnecessary to call Capt. Hains. To-morrow, after the policeman testifies and further testimony is heard from Skura, Mr. McIntyre will make a motion to strike off the testimony of the huckster. If this testimony is struck out it is probable that a charge of perjury will be made against Skura and an effort made to learn the identity of the man or men who coached him in his various tales to the court.

When the prosecution's case is in law, one of the associate counsel for the defense, will ask that the case against his client be dismissed on the grounds of insufficient evidence. He will touch upon the testimony of the witnesses who have sworn that Thornton Hains not only had no part in the killing, but actually tried to prevent it. Hains will deal mostly with the testimony of Jespersen.

If the court refuses to dismiss the

GRACE ROWAN, AGE 14, IS HEROINE OF BROOKLYN BLAZE

Goes Through Burning House, Wakes Tenants After Giving Alarm.

Grace Rowan, a girl of fourteen, who lives with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Rowan, and four brothers and sisters, in a three-family house at No. 73 Cooper street, Brooklyn, was a heroine in a fire which started in the basement of her home at 2 o'clock this morning.

The Rowan family occupy the basement and first floor of the house. There were preparations for Christmas last night and a tree was set up in the basement. Grace was awakened by the smell of smoke. She went down to the basement and saw a fire in a closet. She hurried upstairs and called her father. By this time the smoke was all through the house and the flames were eating at the basement stairs.

With a blanket wrapped about her the girl ran to the second floor and aroused the family of Peter Ferguson, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and one daughter, Ida. She then went to the third floor and called Mr. and Mrs. Blothorn and their three children, and the house was soon emptied.

The cry of fire aroused the tenants in a five-story flat house at No. 71, and they came tumbling to the street. The families in the house at No. 73 also sought safety from their smoke filled homes.

The men formed a bucket brigade, but the fire was getting the upper hand of them when the engines came. The loss was about \$500.

FEVER HALTS YULETIDE JOY. WARSAW, Ind., Dec. 25.—On account of an epidemic of scarlet fever, municipal authorities to-day refused to allow any public Christmas entertainment here. Sunday school sessions also are barred next Sunday.

MYSTERIOUS \$29,000 BANK ROBBERY PUZZLES THE POLICE

Money Stolen a Week Ago From the First National of Monrovia, Cal., but Fact Just Made Public After Detectives Fail to Find a Clue.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 25.—The fact has just been made public that the First National Bank of Monrovia, Cal., was robbed and a sum said to amount to \$29,000 taken sometime between last Saturday and Monday. Detectives have been at work on the case, but it is stated that no clues to the robbers have been found.

The loss of the money was discovered when the bank opened on Monday. Whether it was taken by the thief soon after the close of the bank on Saturday, or was removed after the vaults had been locked for the night has not been determined.

All the officers of the bank refuse to discuss the matter. President John Bartle admitted that the robbery had occurred, but said that in view of the fact that the bank was insured for \$25,000 with a casualty company, the loss to the stockholders would be less than \$5,000.

GOOD CROWD AT SAVANNAH OPENING

2,500 Witness First Day's Racing at Georgia Tracks—St. Abe Wins First.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. SAVANNAH, GA., Dec. 25.—The opening of the Savannah Jockey Club meeting to-day was all that the management could ask for. Although the weather was stormy more than 2,500 people visited the track and by their enthusiasm showed that they appreciated the effort.

Although the entries were small the contests were horse races from start to finish. Trains and steamships arriving to-day brought forty-five horses from different parts of the country and a large number of horsemen.

The Amateur Cup, gentlemen riders, was the feature race of the day on account of the prominence of the riders.

FIRST RACE—Two-year-olds; selling; six furlongs. St. Abe, 100 (D. Murphy), 3 to 1 and 5 to 1, won; Spring Frog, 104 (S. Dunlop), 8 to 1 and 4 to 1, second; Belle of the Ball, 104 (A. Lee), 8 to 1 and 4 to 1, third. Time, 1:21. Also ran—Pocahontas and Ogema. Scratched—Zaffre and Greenhow.

ROYALIST ATTACKS THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE ON STREET

Seizes Fallieres About the Neck as He Walks With Friends in Paris, but Is Dragged Away After French Executive Is Slightly Hurt.

"DID HIS DUTY AND SATISFIED CONSCIENCE," HE TELLS POLICE.

Literature Found on Him and in His Home Indicates Plot, Some Think—Assailant, a Waiter, Said He Wanted to Pull President's Beard.

PARIS, Dec. 25.—While Armand Fallieres, the President of France, accompanied by M. Ramondou, his secretary, and Col. Lasson, military attache at the Elysee Palace, was taking a morning stroll near the Rue de l'Etoile to-day a poorly clad individual, who evidently had been lying in wait, suddenly jumped upon the President from behind and threw his arms about his neck.

Col. Lasson and Secretary Ramondou sprang to the assistance of the President, dragged off his assailant and turned him over to two special detectives, who had been following the party on bicycles.

President Fallieres's cane was broken in the struggle, but beyond a scratch on the ear he was not injured and insisted on continuing his walk.

WOMAN'S THREE ATTEMPTS AT SUICIDE FAIL

After Christmas Tour She Tries Shooting, Hanging and Strangulation.

Annie Woods, thirty-five years of age, of Paterson, started out yesterday afternoon to wish all her acquaintances in that city a merry Christmas. She ran across much good cheer and by early evening was happy. Later, however, there was a reaction, and while under a moody spell she was caught trying to get a revolver pointed straight to blow out her brains.

Annie was locked up by the police, and in a little while was found hanging from the bars of her cell by a lace taken from her corsets. She was cut down and revived.

Early to-day a doorman passing her cell found her black in the face from strangulation, she having twisted one of her stockings about her neck. The woman had a close call, but an ambulance surgeon fixed her up all right.

A special watch was then placed on her to prevent any further attempt at suicide.

ONE KILLED IN TRAIN WRECK, FIFTEEN OTHERS HURT.

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 25.—A head-on collision between train 263, west-bound, on the Great Northern Railroad, known as the Honner's Ferry "dinky," and a freight train occurred at Laclede, Idaho, to-day.

The fireman of the passenger locomotive, it is reported, was killed and fifteen passengers were injured.

At the scene some containing as much as the KROONSTADT Flated Collar Button.

ROOM FULL OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR DR. W. T. BULL

Friends Show Great Rivalry in Trying to Cheer Famous Surgeon.

So many were the presents and Christmas greetings that poured in on Dr. William T. Bull to-day that one room of the famous surgeon's suit in the Plaza could scarcely hold them.

Everything that could be done to cheer the sick man in this—possibly his last—Christmas was done by relatives and friends. Even in his stricken state he was roused to a happy appreciation of how much was thought of him and he insisted that everything that came should be shown to him.

A Christmas tree was set up in the bedroom and Dr. Bull sat propped up with pillows last night until 11 o'clock enjoying the tree and all it bore, chatting as much as his strength permitted and doing all in his power to cheer up those who could not help but feel the pathos of the situation.

Tokens of Christmas spirit from friends and former patients began to arrive for Dr. Bull early yesterday, and there was scarcely a minute that passed in the interim to midnight that some new box or package did not arrive by mail, by messenger and by express. And they were still pouring in to the hotel to-day, so many, that those who unwrapped them were unable to keep up with the inflow.

The surgeon's bed chamber, where the beautifully decorated tree was set up, was soon crowded beyond capacity. Then another room filled up. Letters and telegrams came by the basketful. Dr. Bull insisted on reading these himself until his strength became exhausted and the physicians in attendance forbade any more being brought into him.

SANTA'S GIFTS SHOWER ON BOY WHO WANTED LEG

Xmas Tree Beside Little "Joe" O'Neill When He Awoke in Hospital.

When little Joe O'Neill opened his eyes in the bleak, gray surgical ward of the J. Hood Wright Hospital to-day nearly all the breath went out of his frail little body. His eyes grew rounder and rounder and larger and larger, and he reached out a peaked little hand very timidly to touch that glittering little Christmas tree beside his cot to assure himself that it was a real tree and that the wonders in its branches were truly toys.

And when his fingers felt out the reality little Joe shook all over for joy and uttered a shrill squeal.

"O gee! O gee! O gee!" he cried, and then lay back on his pillow and feasted his eyes on the treasures.

Wanted to See the Effect. "Happy Jack" McDonald, the big ruddy-cheeked policeman on guard at the bed of a man who had tried to kill himself, had been nodding at his post, waking up every now and then to glance at the cot where little Joe lay. "Happy Jack" had placed the Christmas tree by the boy's cot and he and his fellow policemen in the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station had trimmed it and burdened its branches. He wanted to see the effect on the little chap when he awoke, and his eyes were on the boy when the lids flew open and he saw the tree.

McDonald got his reward right there and tingled all over. His cheeks went redder than ever and he gulped several times before he could finally blurt out:

(Continued on Second Page.)

HAND-WRITING PRIZES TO BE AWARDED NEXT WEEK

The Committee appointed to select the 200 prize winners in The Evening World's great Hand-Writing Contest have begun work on the thousands of specimens of penmanship sent in by competing boys and girls, and say they think they will be able to name the prize-winners before the end of next week.

To-Day's weather indications are—RAIN; WARMER.